

THE
PIN BASKET.

TO
THE CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

A SATIRE.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, A.

WITH NOTES BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

INVOLVING.

His R. H. the DUKE OF CLARENCE.	Mrs. JORDAN.	Mr. BELOE.
MACRAVE OF ANSPACH.	Mrs. SIDDONS.	Mr. GODWIN.
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.	Miss FARREN.	Mr. CHALMERS.
DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.	Miss LEAKE.	Mr. PINKERTON.
DUKE OF LEEDS.	Miss POPE.	Mr. BELSHAM.
The late LORD BARRY-MORE.	Miss WALLACE.	Mr. MACKLIN.
LORD MULGRAVE.	Mrs. SERRES.	Mr. BREWER.
LORD DERBY.	Signora STORACE.	Parson ROSE.
LORD MOUNTMORRES.	Mrs. CROUCH.	Parson ESTE.
RIGHT HON. W. PITT.	Mrs. WELLS.	Parson ARMSTRONG.
RIGHT HON. H. DUNDAS.	Mrs. POPE.	Mr. T. BYRNE.
RIGHT HON. E. BURKE.	Mrs. BLAND.	Mr. DALMEYDA.
RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.	Mrs. MATTOCKS.	Mr. M'DONNELL.
MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.	Mr. SHERIDAN.	Mr. BOURNE.
LADY BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.	Mr. COLEMAN.	Mr. BARR.
LADY LADE.	Mr. CUMBERLAND.	Mr. MADDISON.
GENERAL TARLETON.	Mr. M. A. TAYLOR.	Mr. SHAW.
SIR JOHN LADE.	Mr. RICHARDSON.	QUICK.
HON. MR. ST. JOHN.	Mr. REYNOLDS.	HOLMAN.
COLONEL HANGER.	Mr. BOADEN.	LEWIS.
Dr. DARWIN.	Mr. O'KEEFE.	BENSLEY.
Dr. REES.	Mr. GRUBB.	PALMER.
Dr. AIKIN.	Mr. MORTON.	DIGNUM.
Dr. THOMPSON.	Mr. DUDLEY.	KEMBLE.
Dr. NORBURY.	Mr. HOARE.	SUETT.
Dr. DAVIS.	Mr. HOLCROFT.	KING.
Dr. TOWERS.	Mr. COBB.	BANNISTER.
Dr. PARR.	Mr. M. P. ANDREWS.	SEDGWICK.
Dr. ARNOLD.	Mr. J. TAYLOR.	KELLY.
Dr. WOLCOTT.	Mr. HARRIS.	INCLEDON.
Mrs. ROBINSON.	Mr. WALTER.	BRAHAM.
	Mr. LITCHFIELD.	WALDRON.
	Mr. NARES.	Black DAVIS, &c. &c. &c.

DEDICATED
TO THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

LONDON:

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1796.

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WITH NOTES BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

SAISON 1

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THE
PIN BASKET
TO
THE CHILDREN OF THESPIS.

A SATIRE.

WITH NOTES.

**Ραῖς ἐνδελεχῆσα κοιλαίνει πέτραν.* HOM.

Nunc eadem, labente die, convivium querit:

Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores

Exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.

VIRG. ÆN. IV.

They long again to hear their bard relate

In bold satiric verse, the *Thespian* fate:

I tell it o'er and o'er, but still in vain;

For still they beg to hear it once again.

The public on their *Pasquin's* song depends;

And thus the story never—never ends.

DRYD. TRANS.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE
PIN BASKET
OF
THE CHILDREN OF THE
A. B. C.

THE Author designed to have published the PIN BASKET previous to the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, but was unavoidably prevented. The Delay, owing to the Nature of the Poem, has produced one or two very trifling Errors, which may be easily perceived and rectified as perused.

David T. Evans

[6]

TO THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

MADAM,

Unlike the multitude of Dedicators, I shall be honest and ingenuous enough to confess to your Ladyship, and the public, the real spur that impelled me to make you the object of this Dedication. Men select not satire in general as a vehicle of eulogy and flattery, but as an engine whereby they may expose the vices and follies of mankind.—This should be in the recollection of readers, and the author's merit, should be consequently esteemed. My work will shew that I have been, for the most part, particularly observant of singling out characters *deserving* strains of a very opposite burthen to those of praise and commendation. The world shall also exculpate me from any intention to make this the means of forcing upon your Ladyship a draught, which, though sweet to some as mountain-thyme to bees,

ומתוקים מדבש
ונפת צופים:

would be to you both *nauseous* and *impertinent*. To come then immediately and truly to the point—A dedication was wanted to occupy a page, and next, of course, some name to complete that dedication. The Archbishop of Canterbury first occurred to me as a very proper subject, and I had nearly determined to commit my *horde* into his *saving hands*, when your Ladyship's name flashed on my imagination, as promising to

be more advantageous to my purpose, therefore, although the poem had even less affinity to you, than to the *Archbishop of Canterbury himself*, I decided in your favour.

To your Ladyship, then, I dedicate the following sheets; and whatever obligation or honour you may think conferred on you, I beg you will ascribe it all, not to any veneration I have for your *unspeakable* virtues, but more truly to the notoriety your Ladyship's name has lately *enjoyed*; and which alone, I have no doubt, will procure a sale to many of my *baskets*.

In which fervent hope

I am, (*and should it be realized*)

With *due* gratitude,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient, very humble Servant,

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

NOTE.

'Οὐδὲν θαυμαστὸν Πολυπαίδῃ· εἰ δὲ γὰρ ὁ Ζεὺς

'Οὐδ' ὅων πάντας ἀνδάνει, εἰδ' ἀνέχων.

THEOG.

NOT even the works of the Omniscient Power are approved of all men; there are

“ Who ever find occasion to complain.”

And is it then for me to murmur, or you my friends to be surprised, that some should load me with dissensious outcries, and censure *feelingly* expressed?

Mayhap the gentle reader will think no one could wish to hurt, or dared calumniate, an author so abounding in philanthropy and pity as myself. A man so affectionately disposed towards the happiness of society, as to devote a portion of his time to the commendable employment of gently correcting the errors of some, and boldly lashing the vices of others, merely with the wish to augment the felicity of the whole. Yet such beings exist, and in the very persons of those who should, with all their power, protect the minds of the public from contamination, by discountenancing all works that have such a tendency; as well as shield from insult, and, by their *fiat*, endeavour to propagate the circulation of those, that are calculated, *as in the present instance*, to correct and mend the age.

But self-interest and private connection will, I foresee, rise paramount to candour and truth.

— ἐς ἄδαν ἔλκομαι ἤδη.

THEOCRIT.

Already I feel myself within their *predetermined* grasp. Nay, spare me not most upright judges! Wait not for those *cogent* reasons that ever win your love, but which I shall never deign to impart. Fall on at once;—and let the world see how an author fares when he speaks of you, or of your friends, according to your deserts; and how lenient and how just you are when neither praised nor bribed.

CAUSES WHY NO FAVOUR IS EXPECTED FROM THE REVIEWERS.

THERMOMETER.

SCALE,—from 1 to 20.

Natural journals; discovered when the writer is not known personally, and presumes to depend on the merit of his work alone for grateful sounds from a Reviewer's trumpet.

		Self-interest.	Connection.	
CRITICAL REVIEW. <i>Democratical.</i>	Mr. Godwin.....		17	16
	Mr. Holcroft.....	16	19	20
	Mr. Chalmers.....		12	20
BRITISH CRITIC. <i>Aristocratical.</i>	Mr. Nares.....		10	10
	Mr. Beloe.....		14	12
	Dr. Parr.....	19		20
	Dr. Davis.....		16	17
MONTHLY REVIEW. <i>Amphibious.</i>	Dr. Norbury.....		12	17
	Dr. Thompson.....		18	10
ANALYTICAL REVIEW <i>Levellers.</i>	Mr. Pinkerton.....		18	12
	Dr. Darwin.....		17	8
	Dr. Rees.....		18	12
	Mr. Belfham.....		16	18
	Dr. Towers.....	12	14	14
ENGLISH REVIEW. <i>Obsolete.</i>	Dr. Aikin.....		10	16

Something like the above should always introduce a satirical production :* It not only preserves the judgment of men in general from being misled by the partial opinions of these sons of *Aristarchus*, but it precludes the necessity of having recourse to their writings, as such a thermometer shews exactly how the pulse of the Reviewer beats at the moment he is about to make his observations, and thence, naturally, what may be expected from such a disposition.

* It is recommended to the reader to peruse the whole of this poem with or without referring to the notes, as he deems it expedient, and finds it agreeable to himself. A certain dabbler in *Helicon*, whom, in a future publication, I shall, fearless of his threats, name *multa cum libertate*, has thought it proper to enjoin a primary simple reading of the poem.† His infantile injunction reminds me of a fair author, who lately printed some odes in the style of *Pindar*, as she was pleased to call them, by subscription; to which she prefixed a note, "Respectfully requesting the subscribers would permit her to wait on them, before they passed their judgment on the work, as the construction of the verse was such, that nobody could possibly decide on its merit, unless they had heard her read it."

† He also talks of originality. See *Hor. ad Aug. Ep. 1. lib. 2.* for his *new* idea; see *Sat. 1. lib. 2.* for his *novel* mode of conveying satire; see *Pope's Dunc.* and his *imit. of Hor.* for both; and then see the *Pursuits of Literature*, for *original*—dullness.

THE
PIN BASKET.

AGAIN, my Muse, I wake the trembling lyre,
Again thy aid invoke, thy quick'ning fire!
Give me with force to strike my fav'rite string---
Grant that not wholly uninspir'd I sing!
Forward the labours of thy Poet's brain ;
Once more be *Prompter* to his *Thespian strain*:
So shall thy altar of the plunder share,
And oft a *fatted calf* be offer'd there.*
Fear not my vow! I'll solve it o'er and o'er---
No Smithfield drover has a richer store.
Proceed! Come, join my standard, trust my word,
And let's together dash amid the herd.

* Left the Muse, or any body else, should be surpris'd at such a promise from a poet, you are entreated to consider, that he intends performing it out of his *ideal*, and not out of his *substantial* property. This explanation will also serve to calm the apprehensions of his sock and buskin friends---airy nothings!

No o'er-fed bard, no venal songster I;
 Let Peter pension'd* sing, and meet the eye,
 As fatt† as any pig, in any styè;
 To me such looks belie the vot'ry of the Muse,
 Who breathes Parnassian air, and quaffs th' Olympian dew,
 And would proclaim to all (a semblance fit)
 More of the Cutting Butcher than the wit.
 Farewel to song, when poets touch the pelf,
 Adieu to Peter then, now batt'ning on the shelf.†

* Whether Peter Pindar was ever pensioned, or whether he received that pension for more than one or two years, or whether he receives it still, is no business of ours. But certain it is, we incline to think that Peter does enjoy *his sop*; not only from *his condition*, but from the wisdom with which administration have always been observed to deal out their rewards. Burke shall be muzzled with a pension when he has not a tooth left, and Peter bribed to hold his peace when he has not a word more to say. It would appear from this, that ministers reward less for the good of their country (as they do it when all the mischief's done) than from a conviction, in their own minds, that those whom they reward are as great rogues as themselves, and as much entitled to partake of the prey.

† 'Tis as distressing to see a poet *run to belly*, "*latamque trahens inglorius alvum*," as to hear

"A little, round, fat, greasy man of God,"

like Dr. Towers, preaching temperance, prayer, and fasting, from the pulpit.

† Treasury shelf.

Not so with me, or I were perhaps as dull*---
 Lord knows the time when I'd a belly full!
 No! thin and sleek---in rare fine running order
 My honest Muse has kept me---Heaven reward her!
 The doctor's gouty leg (I ride a feather)
 Would weigh my Pegasus and me together.
 But now I pant impatient for the round,
 And now I seem to touch the distant ground;

* We do not think our author is here paying himself any great compliment. The following anecdote of Peter will shew how much mistaken the world has been in his ability. At a time when he was not so completely "Epicuri de grege porcus," the great Pindar, the mighty bard, condescended, in great humility, to accept an engagement at two or three pounds a week, to write paragraphs for a certain newspaper. For which purpose, he would go to the office, where he has often sat for hours together, and at last brought forth one or two spare paragraphs, and often been unable to produce any. He was soon dismissed, as an unprofitable subject. From his late poetical attempts, we know nothing which he can be better compared to than to a street organ, which, having got through its dozen tunes, can only repeat the same strains. We cannot here refrain from subjoining a note of his, which now, as it happens, applies to no one better than to himself. "Unfortunately for poor John," his name is John Wolcott, "every book that he has published lately has been possessed of so much of the *vis inertiae*, as not to be able (if I may use the booksellers' phrase) to move off." We have seen, in particular, two or three of his recent publications ready to *be moved off*, at several stalls (if any body would take the trouble to move them) much under (not their value) but the original price.

All obstacles appear already crost,
Yet ere I start, *near thirty lines* are lost.*

Suppose me then, good folks, with fancy heated,
Upon my tripod in the attic seated;
Pen, ink, and paper, all before me laid,
The simple tools of my immortal trade;
With chin upon my thumb and finger lolling,
And eye already fixt, prepar'd for rolling---
When at my door, a tap! alarmed I hear,
And all my well-plann'd thoughts dissolve to air:
A bailiff sure! I knew *his tap*, methought,
Then softly creeping on, and breathing short,
(As much in fear, just then, of such detection:
As I have seen St. Stephen's at election†)

* These verses are partly the translation of Pope. Statius cannot be said to be so happy in his application as our poet.

"Stare loco nescit, pereunt vestigia mille

"Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum."

† The gentlemen of that *sacred house* (as Mr. Burke calls it) are not a little alarmed at this event; although they are well assured of being returned for one

I peep'd, but saw I had no cause to tremble,
 So ope'd my portal wide, and in stalk'd KEMBLE.
 Thinking I could not now be aught but civil,
 (Though I would full as soon have seen the devil)
 I begg'd he'd sit--as soon 'twas done as said---

He on the stool, and I upon the bed.*

Then thus began the man of tragic gaze,
 With Jesuitic grin, and measur'd phrase.

house or the other: v. gr. If they are rejected by their constituents, their creditors are always ready to return them for the Bench.

* Pasquin is not the first great man who has (for the best of all reasons) received company sitting on his bed. Theodore, King of Corfica, when in the Bench for debt, actually held his levees there regularly, and received his courtiers sitting on a semi-tent bed, the head of which forming a canopy, added to the dignity of his situation. We think that poor Theodore was a type of what we might expect to see in the present MARLBOROUGH family, were they reduced to a state of equal indigence. They would still retain all their vain ostentation, and affected consequence. O the empty pride and vanity of man!

"De tous les animaux qui s'élèvent dans l'air,
 "Qui marchent sur la terre; ou nagent dans la mer,
 "De Paris au Perou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome,
 "Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme.

† Mr. Kemble was brought up at St. Omer's, a town in French Flanders, and

KEMBLE.

" So, so, the GREEN-ROOM's in a pretty rout,

" And long to know what 'tis that you're about.

" Tell me, my PASQUIN, as a friend I ask it,

" Who is't you mean to cram into your BASKET?

intended to have been made a priest in that famous religious order in the Romish church called Jesuits. For reasons, unknown to us, this idea was superseded; though, from the conduct, temper of mind, and consonant affections, he has, and still continues to exhibit, we have no doubt that he is well versed in the *Secreta Monita Societatis Jesu*, has taken *them to heart*, and would have done *great honour* to the sect. Among other precepts which this virtuous order inculcates, we find the following.

" The society may traffic, and borrow, and lend money, but never *without a prospect of certain and abundant gain*.

" In whatever places the members reside, they must provide a physician, who is firm to the interest of the society, by whom they *may be recommended* and called in to the sick, *especially such as are past hopes of recovery*.

" Women who complain of their husbands, must be instructed secretly to withdraw a sum of money, that by *making an offering thereof to God*, they may *expiate the crimes of their sinful helpmates*.

" They are *to worm themselves*, by the interest of others, into honourable embassies, which may give them an opportunity of *recommending themselves and their society*.

"Not me, I hope. Consider! Heaven preserve you!

"Would to my heart my friend, that I could serve you."*

PASQUIN.

"Away with all such hypocritic stuff!

"I will not take a selfish bribe, to puff

"The undeserving through the list'ning town,

"Above the man whom worth and merit own.

"Go, go, to BOADEN, or to TAYLOR† hie,

"Those *bards of all work* will, as wont, comply;

* This is perfectly in character: full of servility where he fears; arrogant and overbearing where he's in power.

† John Taylor, or Jack Taylor, a relation of J. P. Kemble, formerly did the dirty work, in the puffing way, in the *True Briton*, for the wholebody of his kindred. Besides this, he is a dentist; and then he writes, or rather cobbles, prologues for any body that will accept of them. It has been said, that he even offered money to an opposite neighbour, to let him write one to a piece of his. In fine, he is a complete *bard of all work*, not very dissimilar to Hoare's Dicky Gossip;---for, in the first place, as a newspaper-man, he sits in the office and *cuts out* matter from other papers to fill up his masters; then, as a dentist, he *draws out*; next, as an eternal gabbler, he generally *routs out* all the companies he gets into; and lastly, as a silly trifling fellow, he will be *laid out* to the great comfort of society.

" Or to the *Times*, where thy right worthy friend,
 " Does with his darling unlick'd cub contend,
 " And faith 'twould puzzle Wisdom's self to tell
 " The greatest fool, they act their parts so well.*
 " Off to those honest prints, that virtuous host,
 " Who ever praise him best, who pays them most.†

* It is certain there never was such a jolter-headed family as this. The old man has doubtless scraped together some pelf, and so might any man that would stoop to the same means. Let a recent anecdote of him shew how excellently he combines the fool and ——— thus it is.

A libel having appeared in his paper against a foreigner, he was prosecuted, and perceiving he must be cast, made overtures to the gentleman, who, with proper indignation, refused them, declaring, he would have strict justice, and nothing less, for the defamation he had experienced. Old W. with that tender solicitude which every parent should feel for the property he intends for his children, went immediately to Mr. Dundas, who, at the request of the proprietor of a paper in the pay of Mr. Pitt, instantly ordered the injured foreigner, at the moment of retribution, to quit the kingdom.

Young Hopeful pretends to be a writer, and keeps up his credit, with their printer and THE DEVILS (his, and his papa's best friends) by getting some of his acquaintance, who amuse themselves with writing scraps of poetry, &c. to send them to him, which he then copies, and gives up for his own. That such a father should doar on such a son can be no wonder.

" Afinus afino, et sus fui pulcher."

† Newspaper men will generally be found as void of principle and disreputable, proud and ignorant, as any people on the face of the earth. Reporters of speeches

" Still let us hear you tones sepulchral bray,
 " And then be told ' How wonderful you play; '*
 " Deceive the world, out-lie all contradiction,
 " And swear yourself a play'r 'gainst conviction."

KEMBLE.

" Be calm, my friend!"

PASQUIN.

" Be just, 'tis true, you know it!"

KEMBLE.

" That you're the best of men, and sweetest poet.

made in the House of Commons, in particular, are a mechanical, self-opiniated, bastard brood of dunghills, who can only crow when those luminaries rise; never at the call of genius; but at the gnawings of an empty belly: who have not a thought of their own which is not as low, groveling and obnoxious as the *contemptible thing* they are *for ever thinking about*.

* This is continually the case. You shall go to the play and see (if you can keep your eyes open) not only Kemble, but others, who can pay for it, sleep through their parts; and the next morning, the first thing you read shall be "How amazingly great such an one was in such a part, &c." To prove more clearly how premeditated a business it is, we have several times read a pompous account of some actor's or actress's performance, for whom we have heard an apology made the evening before, as being incapable of playing from indisposition. The fact is, the fellow, whoever he is, instead of going to the *play-house*, writes the stipulated

E

“ I’ve brib’d, I own, but merely ’twas, forsooth,

“ To keep those *lying prints* from telling *truth*.”

lines previous to the commencement of the play, and then betakes himself to the *ale-house*, to spend the profits along with his comrades;

A crew that Falstaff’s self would blush to own.

The critics of the modern stage are thus distinguished.

Parson Rose, in the Times, for puerile puns, no wit, and as much judgment.

Parson Este, in the Telegraph, for a close imitation of the style of Van Butchell.

Parson Armstrong, in the Chronicle, for dull prolixity, or Caledonian humour.

(He calls his efforts *criticisms*, but the parson lies—under an error; they are literally illiterate *sermons*.) Lord Mountmorres also sometimes illumines the Chronicle with a critique.

Jack Taylor, in the True Briton, (and every where else) for inanity.

Thady Byrne, in the Herald, for *Irish* originality. We have seen, on several occasions, some very pointed and judicious remarks in this paper from the pen of M’Donnel—we wish we were indulged with them more repeatedly.

Boaden, in the oracle, for *great big words*, which he often misappropriates, and an unintelligible affectation of profundity.

Dalmeyda, in the Gazetteer, for very neat language, and observations fraught with much critical discernment.

Pollio, or *Litchfield*, in the Morning Post, for the old ideas of his contemporaries newly varnished, tedious dilatation, and blunt abuse of those who will not condescend *to court his favour*.

Bourne, in the Observer, for strictures only worthy of the writer.

“ What could I do? altho’ so much you flout it,
 “ There’s not a manager could live without it.
 “ What think you otherwise could e’er induce
 “ That lump of ignorance, HARRIS, to produce
 “ BATE DUDLEY’S* ribaldry, or HURLSTONE’S† trash,
 “ But that it serv’d for bribe, and fav’d his cash.

Barr, in *Ayres’ Sunday*, for some marks of judgment and wit devoid of polish.

Arnold, Jun. late Editor of the *Tomahawk*, in *Bell’s Weekly*, for a savage determination to write in spite of common sense, and want of readers.

* *Bate Dudley* being the editor of the *Morning Herald*, was enabled, through an indiscriminate commendation of whatever appeared at *Covent Garden*, to prevail on the manager to bring forward two or three of his compositions, which were perhaps the most insipid, uninteresting nonsense that ever disgraced a stage.

He has the presumption to fancy he can imitate the writings of *Shakspeare*. Even in like manner had that *mighty critic*, *Mr. Boaden*; who could accept *Ireland’s absurd jargon*, for the *winged words* (as *Homer* has it) of our *deathless bard*. Each thinks himself a phoenix—so they are—such as we see over the door of the *Herald office*—*phœnixes without heads*.

† *Mr. Hurlstone*, the book-keeper at the office of this paper, is a good natured fellow, but who, beyond his occupation, does not know his right hand from his left. Yet, “like master, like man,” he also must be writing plays, and in truth were it any praise to him) *has written them as well*.

" Or BOADEN's tragic Muse create a laugh,

" Unless he paid his way in paragraph.*

" Or WALTERS fill whole boxes at the play—

" Lord help your soul, you do not think they pay!

" But now my managerial part is done,

" And strange! I don't regret my sceptre gone!

" They had *my services*, and *sister's* too,

" While yet the treasury could boast *a sous*;

* Had Mr. Boaden continued, what he originally was, a banker's clerk, we should like to know what kind of *acceptation* his *soporific pills* would have received from Harris. But allowing him his due, we must say that, although as dull a matter-of-fact genius as ever stood behind a counter, he has managed, by some means, to infuse into his *tragedies* a certain *portion of humour*, past all possibility of seeing without a smile. We defy any man to sit out the "*Secret Tribunal*" without laughing; especially at the *grand catastrophe*, where the inquisitors assembled, form as fine a picture of a watch-house at five in the morning, as ever was seen. Mr. B. however, had little to plume himself on his interest with the manager in this instance, since he had seventy pounds to pay for empty benches, or *rather for his empty noddle*.

When Mr. Harris announced this deficiency to him, he is said to have assumed the very air of the *oraculous priestess*, at the Oracle office, which so alarmed Harris that he instantly forgave him the debt his *melancholy Muse* had contracted. The *proviso* that attended this remission we have not heard. Mr. B. we are sorry to un-

" And *tragedy*, whate'er the public fancies,

" Much *best* became the company's finances.

" Can HARRIS† then, or COLMAN e'er aspire,

" To half my talents, genius, wit, and fire?

derstand, has taken to write comedy, and has actually written one called *The Bæotian Wit*. If he continues in this mind,

" Farewel mirth and jollity,

" Smiles no more we've need of thee."

* Some people say that Mr. Kemble abounds in wit, when he pleases to indulge himself. This seems to be a lucky moment. Still we may say of him with Hudibras, when we recollect his various *successful* alterations of plays, and that original *spark*, that *blaze* of genius, the *luminous* Lodoiska.

" We grant he has wit,

" But's very shie of using it,

" As being loath to wear it out,

" And therefore bears it not about,

" Unless on holidays, or so,

" As men their best apparel do."

† If Harris has not so much genius as Kemble, which is very doubtful, he certainly may contest the palm with him for mean artifice and deceit. Deceit seems in a manner fated to people in their situation. We shall give an example of it in Harris. Just at the time Mr. Hoare, at his particular request, gave him the Lock and Key, and it was brought out, Mrs. Serres, who had a part in it, had written to Harris at Uxbridge about an engagement; he answering her letter, and one from Lewis by the same post, in haste, directed them reverfely. Mrs. Serres received, as she expected, a letter addressed to her, which ran to the following effect.

"Have not I acted, writ, and alter'd* plays,

"Been clapp'd! been damnd!—*now shan't I have your praise?*"

"Can HARRIST then, of COLMAN's spirit,

PASQUIN,

"To half-pay talents, genius, wit, and fire?

"Thus thou, by here recounting others ailings,

"Would'st toil to weave a cloak to hide thy failings.

"Dear Lewis,

"I am very much amazed to hear from you that Hoare's farce met with a cool reception—I thought it was a better piece. Damn that Mrs. Serres, I wish she had never come into the house; she's an eternal plague to me. We must get rid of her somehow or another.

"Yours, &c.

"T. Harris."

The feelings of Mrs. S. may easily be conceived; but she had scarcely recovered herself when Lewis came on the stage, where she was, grinning and whimpering in his usual way, "Here is your letter, madam! Spose you've one intended for me. Droll mistake egad!" She then read,

"Dear Madam,

"I am a little busy at present, but shall be in town in a day or two, when you shall have every thing settled to your wish.

"Yours, &c.

"T. Harris."

* Mr. K. lately altered one of Mr. Wycherly's plays, in which he *modestly* filled the *plain dealer* himself, for the first time of his acting that part in our remembrance. He was seen but twice in this character.

“ Be HARRIS ignorant, as you declare,

“ And obstinate as any Russian bear;*

“ What tho’ a monkey, as the story goes,

“ Alone has power to lead him by the nose:†

“ No mighty disagreement I divine,

“ Except he always keeps the stupid line,

“ And thou art somewhat more a fool in wine.‡

“ Yet mention not, with impious tongue, thy name

“ With his, which Time shall glory to proclaim,

“ And *honest critics* consecrate to fame!

* Obstinacy and ignorance are inseparable, and few people ever carried these amiable qualities to a higher degree of perfection than the manager of Covent Garden theatre.

† One fool is known to have greater power over another than all the logic in the world. Lewis is said to be able to do with him whatever he lists, and really he deserves no little credit for it, if, as some one observes, “ To keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no easy task.”

‡ This is a very excellent distinction. Mr. K. when he is sober, will sit for hours without saying a word: but no sooner has he drank a quantity, and he will drink immoderately, than he’ll start from his seat, and swear he’ll be a member of Parliament; then fancy himself in *the house*, and begin to declaim, run on a parcel of unintelligible nonsense, and at length sit down as contented with himself, and perhaps with as much title, as General Tarleton, or Chicken Taylor.—
“ Quid non ebrietas designat,” says Horace.

“BOADEN* may sneer, and tedious POLLIO† scribble,

“With foul detraction thro’ dull columns dribble;

* Mr. Boaden’s pitiful enmity to Mr. Colman, does not arise only from the envious eyes with which he views Mr. C’s superior abilities, but also from his having given a proof of his discernment and careful attention to the amusement of the public, in refusing a farce presented to him, called *Osmyr and Daraxa*; performed afterwards at the great theatre in the Haymarket, previous to the building of new Drury, and deservedly damned. *Hinc ille lachrymæ*. Ever since he has exercised his impotent malignity against a man who is far above the reach of his slander.

Every thing concerning the *Little Theatre*, which appears in the Oracle, is written under the head *Little House*. We should be at a loss to conceive what this meant, were we not certain that Mr. B. writes the criticisms himself, and that this is a very proper direction where to take them to.

† Pollio, or a Mr. Litchfield, is a young man belonging to some office about town, whose employers not giving, or having sufficient business to take up the whole of his time, seeks a further occupation in scribbling for newspapers, at some inconsiderable stipend. He formerly wrote, what he calls, critiques for the *Publican’s Advertiser*, but being dismissed from that paper, he now does them for the *Morning Post*. He also contributes occasionally to a trifling publication, called the *Monthly Mirror*. In these several things he has uniformly abused Mr. Colman and his productions. As this cannot have arisen from any refusal of a piece or any thing of that kind on the part of Mr. C.—he being incapable of writing any thing except dull essays for magazines, and long-winded remarks for newspapers, which nobody reads—we cannot attribute it to aught but that he would serve the wound rankling in the bosom of Mr. Boaden, with whom, from the manner they appear to play into each other’s hands, we have no doubt he is closely connected. Notwithstanding,

“They fight a war of waves against a rock,”

“ But impotent they strive, with pigmy blow,
 “ To beat the firm-fix'd bay from COLMAN's brow;
 “ It lives, shall flourish, spite of Envy's blast,
 “ For gain'd by merit it with time shall last!

“ Thou, pining at his worth, his wily friend,*
 “ Did'st dare to injure what thou could'st not mend.†

we cannot suppose that either will desist, while the one has a grudge to gratify, and empty columns to fill, and the other no alternative to pass his time.

In the summer this young spark is infected with the *spouting insania*, and goes to different parts of the country, where he struts his hour to the great amusement of—himself.

* Mr. K. has, in more instances than one, under the mask of friendship, betrayed and ill-treated Mr. Colman. When Mr. C. was writing his excellent play of the Mountaineers, K. chanced to be on a visit at his house, and having read part of the character of Octavian, was so delighted with it, that he entreated to play it at the little theatre. Mr. C. assured him that he could not afford him such a salary as he would demand: to which he replied, “that he would play it for nothing, *for he knew it would be the making of him.*”—“Well,” was the rejoinder, “if it will serve you, I will work up the character purposely for you, and give you twelve pounds a week.” Kemble after this abused Mr. Colman, and said, he had paid him like a beggar.—*Ingratum odi!*

† By acting worse than he generally does, Mr. K. has often, but not always without reprobation, attempted to set the performance of an author he disliked in the worst light. Witness his execrable conduct during the representation of Ire-

land's Vortigern! Though we are very willing to condemn this as a deserving production, we cannot but despise such Jesuitical cunning in an actor. 'Twas the same when he played in the Iron Chest. Had he laboured under such a severe indisposition as he affected, why did he not keep his chamber? Why did he make his appearance only to injure a meritorious work? Take this reply,—If he was as ill as he seemed, he merely took that opportunity of doing more covertly, what, had he been well, as in Vortigern, he intended to attempt. But notwithstanding all the foul means that may have been, or can be used, to take away from the value of the Iron Chest, which I do contend contains much beautiful and masterly writing, or to blur the well-earned reputation of Mr. Colman as a writer, the time shall come when his *contemporary dramatic authors*, to use Falstaff's phrase, "Shall all shew like *gilt two-pences* to him; and he in the clear sky of fame."

Mr. C. in his preface to his Iron Chest, has ably explained to the world the cause of its mal-success, at Drury Lane Theatre; and Mr. Elliston, by an *honest* exertion of powers, which promise soon to eclipse the *partial* merit of his fraternity, has confirmed the truth of every assertion, drawing down from frequent unbiassed audiences, at the Haymarket, the meed which envy and knavery had till then the fortune to withhold from the out-stretched hand of justice.

With all these convincing arguments in favour of its merit, Mr. C. must laugh at the pointless rage of *Garretteers*, who, under the mask of impartial criticism, gratify, if not some latent enmity, some lurking malice; at least *attempt* to gratify the cravings of an hungry belly.

Still they yelp! still they spit their spite! still their envious bills are pecking at his fame! and what does it all prove? Just as much with him as with respect to fruit, "That is usually found to be the sweetest, which the birds have pecked at the most."

We do not find ourselves disposed to conclude this note, without touching lightly upon some very illiberal comments made by a writer in the *Monthly Mirror*.

ror, (a Mr. Litchfield we suspect) on the last production of Mr. Colman. He singles out these verses, which he strives to ridicule and pervert.

“Heaven and earth !

“Let my pure flame of honour shine in story

“When I am cold in death ; and the slow fire

“That wears my vitals *now*, will no more move me,

“Than ’twould a corpse within a monument.”

Which verses, divested of their poetical habiliment, have this very sensible and intelligible signification.

“Oh heaven ! Let me but think, that, when I am no more, my fame shall live unfullied ; and the anguish of mind, which *now, at this moment*, preys upon my vitals, occasioned by the fear I entertain of the reverse, will no more afflict me, than it would a body incapable of sufferance.”

The little adverb now, it seems, *ex industria*, escaped this sapient commentator, who, by the further aid of *italics* and *false punctuation*, would fain make us believe that Mr. C. intended Sir Edward Mortimer should say,

“That when he was dead, he should be no more susceptible of pain or remorse, than any other corpse.”

Genius of sophistification ! was there ever such misrepresentation as this ?

We have neither room nor inclination to follow this angry critic, *Blundering for his purpose*, through the absurdity and fallaciousness of all his malicious misapprehensions of Mr. C’s sense, but we cannot help noticing a literary imposition, in the constant use of the present writer, by which, with some people, he may be mistaken for a man of deep reading.

Instances of it in him are numberless ; but the few which offer themselves on the very page now before us will serve, as well as many more, to explain our meaning.

In *torturing* the passage just treated of, he makes this observation.

"FLAME," says Sir Isaac Newton, "IF WE RECOLLECT RIGHT, is but a vapour, an exhalation heated red hot," and thus Milton :

"Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot."

"*If we recollect right !*" Now from this, who would not suppose that he was perfectly versed in Sir Isaac, and had Milton by heart ? when at the same time it is odds he has not read the last, and a thousand to one he never *saw* the former. 'Tis yet strange ; but to him who possesses a Johnson's dictionary, the juggle stands confest. *Flame* is the subject ! turn to *flame* in the Doctor's folio edition.

FLAME, n. s. Is not a *flame* a vapour, fume, or exhalation heated red hot ? Newton."

As Mr. C. talks of "a flame shining in story," it was as well not to give any more of the quotation, which proceeds thus, "red hot, that is, so hot as to shine."

The epithet *pure*, applied to *flame*, he, certainly from never having read the poets, deems improper. And as Doctor Johnson gives it against him under several words, we are thence led to suppose that he had recourse for his information, in this instance, to Mother Johnson's dictionary, where he could hardly expect to find *pure flame*.

Well, something is still wanting on *the subject*. Flame is but a *vapour*, according to Newton. See VAPOUR. Here we have what we need.

"Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot." *Milton, John. Dict.*

"Naturalists," says he, in a period just before this, "have *informed* us that springs break out from the top of hills, &c. &c." Had he acknowledged that Dr. Johnson *informed* him so under the word *springs*, we would believe him.

"Again, in the same page, we find a pretty anecdote of Bishop Wilkins, who did not question but the time would come, when it would be as usual to hear a

“ Away, incapable of generous deed!
 “ Yet mark you first, the lines I’d have you heed.
 “ *Reject the praises you can ne’er preserve,
 “ ‘ Believe not what you pay for you deserve.
 “ ‘ Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
 “ ‘ But what thou art---and find the beggar there.”

This said, with haste, his hat he rising took,
 And left the room with curs’d Medusan look.

man call for his *wings*, when he is going a journey, as then it was to call for his *boots*. See this under the word *Boot*.

A little beyond another quotation is required to *help out*. Pope’s a very good Poet, and a line from him will embellish.

“ None but himself can be his parallel.”

See Parallel.

All these occur in the short space of two pages! and we think it would be unnecessary to pursue him any further, as they will sufficiently shew, that *making* essays, &c. to men who have recourse to such auxiliaries, is a task of but very little difficulty, and worthy of but very moderate praise.

* “ Respue quod non es: tollat sua munera cerdo:

“ Tecum habita, et nôris quam fit tibi curta supellex.”

PERSIUS.

H.

"Farewel to KEMBLE! how the truth will sting!"

Exclaim'd the bard, and smooth'd his ruffled wing.

For honest fervor had disturbd him more,

Than milk-maids are, when you rub out the score,

Or LADY LADE, when told---her knight is poor.*

Or LEEDS and MULGRAVE, when you laugh to see

Them work away as COBB and company.†

* Lady Lade, though Sir John keeps a continual auction in his house, cannot bear to hear that he is growing poor. Those who see the knight and his lady sitting at the opera, as far apart as their box will permit, and *fashionable decency* orders married folks to observe, will scarcely credit, what is an absolute fact, that Sir John hardly ever lets a day escape without writing billet-doux to his fair spouse, and will pine and take on like any Arcadian swain, if she will not smile upon him; which favour he still buys, when he has any money. Her ladyship, who certainly must know best, calls him an old fool, and tells every body that he writes love letters to her.

Black Davis, we are sorry to say, is proving poor Sir John, with all his experience, to be still a pigeon.

† Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Cobb, and the Duke of Leeds, together, produced that wonderful effort of genius, *The First of June*. Cobb wrote the dialogue, Leeds and Mulgrave the songs. What may we not expect from such a triumvirate with perseverance!

Or HANGER* if you joke him on his book,
 Or even say he has a hanging look.
 Or DOCTOR PARR,† when ask'd a civil question,
 Who'll growl and grunt, and eat past all digestion.

* Lieutenant Colonel George Hanger, has lately written a Pamphlet entitled *MILITARY REFLECTIONS*, composed as he walked up and down Bond-Street and Pall-Mall. We wish the Colonel much success in his *literary perambulations*, and have no hesitation in thinking, that he will not cease from his labours until he has written as many books as—he has read.

† There is not a more proud, overbearing, unfociable being in existence than Parr. Puffed up with pedantry, and false notions of his consequence, he is wanting in common civility to almost every body. We remember dining at a friend's house some time since, where the Doctor was present, and who, being the greatest stranger, was of course treated with the most attention. There happened to be fish at the head of the table, and beef at the bottom. The lady of the house sent him some fish; upon which he peevishly exclaimed, "I am not a piscivorous animal—I never eat fish." She then begged her neighbour to help him to some beef; but before that could be done, he growled out, "I hate beef." "Good God!" said the lady to a friend who had brought the Doctor unexpectedly, "this is very unfortunate, for you really see your dinner—what can I do?"—"Never mind, leave him alone," said the gentleman, "he'll come round best by himself!" and sure enough he did, for when he perceived how they were disposed to treat him, he began upon the beef, and eat, at least, as much as two of us.

Before this memorable dinner, the gentleman in whose house he was, coming up to Dr. Parr, who was standing at the window, looking over the True Briton, "What do you think of that paper, Sir?" said he. "Why I think Sir," replied

he, sternly, "that none but fools take it in, and none but fools read it." The gentleman, quite thunderstruck at *such politeness*, had not the presence of mind to add, "that he believed so, from seeing it in the Doctor's hands."

Parr, as it was said of Dr. Johnson, whom he affects to imitate, and of whose failings he certainly affords no bad idea, is like a ghost—he never speaks till he is spoken to. But here the simile of the ghost *vanishes*.

When Johnson was roused, though a bear in manners and in seeming,

"Ye Gods how he would talk!"

How would he blend instruction with delight! The fascination of his eloquence charmed, though it reproved, and "truth came mended from his tongue."

"Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,

"Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,

"With deeper silence and with more regard."

His auditors would lift,

"Till unperceiv'd the heavens with stars were hung,

"And sudden night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd song."

Parr, when stirred, merely grunts out a contemptuous reply, rubs his paws, and goes to sleep again.

Οὐδὲ μιν φόρμιγγες ὕπνῳ

ρόφιν κοινωνίαν

Μαλ' ἀπὸ παιδῶν δάροισι δέχονται.

PINDAR Pyth. 1. Epod. v.

"Him therefore nor in *sweet society*,

"——— conversing ever name:

"Nor with the harp's delightful melody

"Mingle his odious *inharmonious fame*."

WEST.

More was not Cowslip mov'd, when set a raving
 By DERBY,* who declar'd she wanted shaving,
 And swore as she came off the stage—all puffing,
 That she'd play Falstaff better—without stuffing.†
 Or simple ARNOLD, when, in harmless fun,
 You smile to hear him praise his silly son‡.

* This sprightly little lord is always cracking his good things on her ladyship. They often *play together* at the Margravine of Anspach's puppet shew. He enacts Punch, she his Wife, and the Margrave on particular occasions *plays the Devil*. This joke of his could not have been at all agreeable to Cowslip, for this reason—That *true jests* are of all others the least entertaining—to those whom they concern.

† Cowslip, is a nick-name given to Lady Buckinghamshire, ever since she attempted that character at the Margravine's. His lordship meant she would play Falstaff better, being able to say, at any time, with propriety,

“ No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waste two yards about;

“ but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift.”

And she is really thriving every day. But can it be a matter of surprise, when we inform you, her ladyship declared to us one night at the opera, “ That she had her own cows driven to the door every morning; and, that otherwise, although doatingly fond of tea, she could never drink a drop.” Thus performing by the aid of milk, what Sir John effected with sack.

‡ Doctor Arnold is an honest man, and now and then a good composer; next, in our opinion, with some interval between, to Shields. The Doctor's simplicity of soul, and blind affection for his son, are, though natural, often highly ridiculous.

Now sing we on, in smooth harmonious strain,
 The world in arms!—the mimic world I mean,*
 And give the final touch, to this our Thespian scene.
 New Drury first appears, in clamourous hum,
 Like Stock Exchange, when settling day is come!
 All ready there, with claims in dread array—
 All—all— but those who should be there to pay.
 What wonder then if *waddling* some should quit,
 Full well assur'd—*ex nihilo nil fit*.
 Bensley retires! and him the Muse affords
 A just eulogium, and his worth records.
 O! how she joys to praise!—compell'd she rails,
 But yields with zeal when merit fills her fails.

Holcroft, talking with the old man one evening, in our company, about the Little Theatre, asked him—"Whether they had any thing coming out there?" "No," said he, "I don't hear of any thing, except a play of Cumberland's. Sentiment, dull sentiment—*hot toast in July*—Can't run long."—"They are badly off indeed then," was the reply. "Why no—my son, my boy is at work for 'em. Day and night, night and day, he's at it—he'll keep them a going."

* Others, who have nowhere else to go, remain and console themselves, we imagine, by replying to those who make this observation—*Ex Nilo Moses fit*.

*BENSLEY and POPE adieu! the stage shall find

You've scarce left aught of greater price behind.

But KING, shall KING,† the veteran, begone,

While yet *his legs will bear him off and on?*

Forbid it Justice---and his cause espouse---

Some Goth or Vandal's sure got in the house!

" True! true! 'tis thus the worn-out actor fares,"

Lisp'd honest WALDRON, coming up the stairs.

WALDRON.

" Good Master PASQUIN—O they've used me foul!

" I'm off!"†

PASQUIN.

" I would you were with all my soul!

* Mr. Bensley and Miss Pope make their final exit with nearly as much reputation as players, and with full as much private esteem, for honor and integrity, as any they leave will find it possible to effect.

† We hear with much concern that King is dismissed from Drury Lane. We hope it is not true. If he be obliged to resign, through want of *bodily* powers, we cannot lament his loss too much. If we are robbed of him by the blindness, or what not, of managers, we cannot condemn them sufficiently for ingratitude to him, and for depriving us of so valuable an ornament to the British stage.

‡ Waldron is also cashiered. He is an useful, though by no means a brilliant

" Well, as you're here, come sit ye, sit ye down,

" And let us hear what's stirring 'bout the towh."

WALDRON.

" What, war or peace? For peace the people sigh,

" But all in vain, there's no one heeds their cry:

" Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

PASQUIN.

" Pshaw! Stuff! have done! you know what I've in hand,

" Thro' Drury failing—pray how lies the land?"

WALDRON.

" But badly faith, they've chang'd their master, true—

" *The Log's* dismiss'd, and they've a *Stork* in lieu ;*

player, and will doubtless be employed again. At his time of life he should not be thus banded about.

* The allusion to the fable is aptly enough introduced here. Kemble and his family might certainly be compared to a log, which, while he was manager, managed to keep every thing at a stand still. Those who are now at the helm, seem of an active levelling disposition, and will, we think, either by a fortunate concurrence of events mount, or perhaps, by a more probable supposition, kick every thing to the Devil.

In a pamphlet, entitled "The Wreck of Westminster Abbey," we find the following epitaph on the *ci-divant* manager of Drury Lane theatre, which we think could not have been so apposite at any former period as at the present.

" Here rests

A vain, an insolent, but not a diverting,
rather a mourning vagabond,

A would-be Garrick, but ever was a K----- :

As a dramatist, he gained riches through the interest of his
Siddonian Relative ;

but never acquired celebrity.

In his manner, stiff, awkward, and conceited ;

In his utterance, turgid, precise, and universally monotonical ;

Affecting that which he ever did *but* affect,

The character of a Critic ;

Disregarding that which he ever should have regarded,

An appeal to the passions, and an imitation
of the manners of Mankind.

When his sister quitted the theatric boards, which she had trod
with uncommon and deserving reputation,

He was discharged ;

The managers no longer being induced to preserve
a stiff and insensible mummy.

He died of the Cacoëthes Famæ, October 18—"

Ut nonnulli volunt ;

But as more have been heard to propound,

Of a complicate disease,

Called envy, rage, and disappointment :

Which first seized him,

At the re-appearance, brilliant reception,

And merited success

Of the IRON CHEST ;

To which he fell a melancholy object

Of pity and contempt.

K

“ One *Lawyer Grubb**---in vain, poor souls, we bawl out,

“ He’s in, and ere he’s done, will *grub us* all out.

“ There GIBBS shall strain her little throat no more,

“ And SEDGWICK,* *wood-work* SEDGWICK, cease to roar;

* Grubb is a cropt, stupid, good-natured fellow, who had the happy fortune to have a father, who was for many years clerk to the fishmonger’s company, and, though no conjurer, was also a dealer in the black art, that is to say, was an attorney; in which profession he acquired a considerable property, which his son, without being a conjurer, either will himself, or by the help of those he is now connected with, soon find a mode of spending. Young Grubb, for so he likes to be called, came forward very opportunely with six thousand pounds, when Sheridan wanted “ to make up a little sum to send his poor relations in the country.” For which Mr. S. very handsomely gave him his own—verbal security.

† The elegant, *unaffected*, *artless* deportment of Mr. Sedgwick on the stage; so amiable in love scenes, &c. &c. and unequalled by any but Mr. Boaden, at the other house, must certainly increase the dolor of the public at the loss of his musical powers.

One would not have thought that a manager could have discharged such a *constellation* of excellence, such a *lump of harmony*, as Dignum is called, for the *trifling fault*, which custom and Mr. John Palmer have almost passed into a law, of scarcely ever reading his part, till within half an hour of the time of performance, preferring the more *refined delight* of driving a girl about in a gig.

“ Thence BLAND,* by artful villany beguil’d,
 “ Bears the sweet notes that cheer’d the dreary *wild*.†
 “ Now follow CAULFIELD,‡ for thyself art free,
 “ We’ll mark how far thy love will carry thee:
 “ Hence! on whom each honest brow is scowling,
 “ Nor loiter here, ‘ to bay the moon with howling.’

* Poor Bland! She is indeed deserving of our pity. Ruined by the vile artifice, the base seduction of Caulfield, we shall soon lose one of the sweetest fingers, and, as a finger, one of the best comic actresses, that ever walked the boards. She is now about to cross the Atlantic; Mr. Caulfield’s boasted love will consequently be seen in its true colours.

† Wild, or wilderness, was a title given to New Drury by the *sage* Mr. Boaden. About which time Sheridan, who had heard this, was requested to accept a tragedy of Mr. Boaden’s. “ No, no,” said S. “ He calls our House a wilderness;—I don’t mind letting the Oracle have his opinion, but I have a great objection to *permitting him to prove his words*.

‡ The stage will not at all be injured by the absence of this imprudent young man. If he possessed any merit, it was as an imitator; a species of exhibition managers do not consult their own interest by encouraging. Many excellent performers, who have, as is common to all people, either some peculiarity in their gait or speech, are sensibly affected by it. For it is not only a very mortifying sight, and a sight that ought not to be countenanced, for any man to see his natural infirmities sported with, but the audience do not see him afterwards with the same pleasure. Thus it is doubly reprehensible.

" STORACE too, suspends, 'tis said, her strains,

" If true---no loss, while lovely LEAKE remains.

" Th' old girl, whene'er she starts, 'tis *play and pay*,

" And as they could not pay, she would not play,

" Some think 'twas vastly mean---but '*that's her way*.'*

* We fear our author is here rather rash and unjust in his conclusion; as the anecdote annexed we think will prove; being at once a striking example of her *Roman virtue*, and *marked contempt of money*. A gentleman having fallen desperately in love with Signora Storace, (no accounting for people's taste) found his heart in a situation, which nothing but sleeping one night under the same roof with her could possibly alleviate. To accomplish which, he had recourse to a good-natured old fowl, whom we have the *honor* to know, and from whom we had this, who taking pity on him, kindly undertook to wait upon Signora Storace, with an account of his malady, and a hundred pound bank note. which the good lady, with her rhetoric, had seldom found to fail. This she did immediately in Howland Street, where being introduced to Signora Storace, she briefly explained the object of her mission, and presented the reward of compliance. Storace, she said, took the note in her hand, read it over, and saw that it was good. Asked her innumerable questions, still holding, and now and then taking a wistful peep at the Newland; as, "How any gentleman could think of such a thing? Who he was?" and such like. But at length all the Lucretia seizing her fowl, she returned the note, and bade her old friend depart her lines. This we could not withhold from the world, as we have a great respect for Signora Storace, and are therefore happy to refute the charges brought against her of stinginess.

"Next MOODY."

PASQUIN.

"What somnific?"

WALDRON.

"As I hear,

"*Pair'd off* with Mother HOPKINS!"

PASQUIN.

"Precious pair!

"To make that sleepy mafs of av'rice* move,

"Does fure, O GRUBB! much in thy favour prove."

WALDRON.

"Ere now, by SHERRY, this good act was done,

"By fear made bold, he fent away the drone.†

* This heavy fon of Hibernia has acquired great riches by lending money to poor players, and fuch fort of folk. His affectionate regard for his wealth has long fince rendered his name proverbial in the green room; fo that *a Moody* and *a Mifer*, are there ufed as equivalent.

"Quid Avarus?"

"Stultus et infanus."

The obfervation of Swift, "That we may fee how little God cares for riches, by the people he beftows them on," is well exemplified in Mr. Moody.

† Mr. M. was formerly difcharged from old Drury, for endeavouring to *enforce*

PASQUIN.

" 'Twas well! But at this rate I have my fears,

" You soon will have more managers than play'rs."

WALDRON.

" We've five!"

PASQUIN.

" One less, I never heard of more:"

WALDRON.

" The Duke* has join'd 'em, and commands the four.

the payment of five hundred pounds; a thing Mr. Sheridan *could not think of with any patience*. Previous to his dismissal, he wrote a vindictive letter to S. and exhibited it amongst his friends, threatening to read it publicly on the hustings at Stafford (the borough Sheridan represents) unless his demands were liquidated. The town must rejoice exceedingly at the secession of such an actor, as also the theatre, being, as it is, thereby *unburthened* of him, the tax of nine pounds a week, and two hundred pounds a year, which he received for disgusting every audience he came before.

* The Duke of Clarence is said to be a Robespierre amongst these five Dictators, the will of the remainder depending on his nod. His Highness intends bringing out a farce of his own, in the course of the season, called the *Manager in Distress*. The characters, from what we have seen of them, although they are taken from life, and possess some wit, are, we think, upon the whole *very*

"All writers too, excepting one, you know!"

PASQUIN.

"Enough to ruin any house, I vow.

"Alas! poor Drury! what will now become on't?"

"You all will starve!"

WALDRON.

"Starve!!"

PASQUIN.

"Dam'me if you won't!"

"Who'll go to see what RICHARDSON* can write—

"Dull animal—or GRUBB,† poor senseless wight?"

poor: how they are to *be cast*, has not as yet transpired, but we do not suppose he will play in it himself.

* Richardson wrote a *sleepy* insipid play called the Fugitive, but what livelier strain could be expected from a man who would rarely be awake two hours in the day, were it not for an indefinient application of certain titillating corpuscles to those cavities that lead to the olfactory nerves, and which gently agitating the medulla of the brain, preclude all possible suspension of the organs of sense.

† The accomplished Mr. Grubb, lawyer, manager, and author of a *mournful* farce, entitled *Alive and Merry*, is also an actor, that is, he plays, where no one can prevent him, at his own theatre, Margate.

" Or CUMBERLAND,* with five act sermons boring

" Undisturb'd! unless 'tis with our snoring?

" Or who can sing-song, hodge-podge COBB,† endure:

" None, none, the barn will be deserted sure,

He treated his audience one night with himself in the character of Penraddock, and to be sure he gave Mr. Cumberland's second edition of Shakspeare's Timon, in a style peculiar to himself. We pronounce him a very original actor. As a farce writer he is about a match for little Brewer, who has lately produced a miserable one at the little theatre. If either of them depended upon his authorship for a subsistence, he would doubtless experience many woeful *Bannian days*.

* There is not a more envious man in existence than Mr. C. If you praise another author in his company, he absolutely cannot sit upon his chair—he trembles with envy. Yet he is a very good-natured man, and if you avoid that particular chord, there is not a more entertaining companion. Applaud him! and he from morn to night will list and never tire. He has, without doubt, more merit as a novelist, than as a writer of plays. Mr. C. would do well to recollect that what might come with great propriety from the pulpit, is little less than dullness on the stage.

" Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile *dulci*,

" Lectorem *delectando*, pariterque monendo.

" Hic meret æra liber Sociis; hic & mare transit,

" Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum."

† We flatter ourselves with the idea that Mr. Cobb has concluded his career with the death of Storace, and that we shall have no more patchwork from this gentleman.

" And SHAW* on catgut scrape his sharps and flats,

" To moral mice, and sentimental rats."

WALDRON.

" But SHERIDAN!"

PASQUIN.

" He write? Dick write? pshaw! stuff!

" He knows too well that he has wrote enough."†

WALDRON.

" He will, he says : "†

PASQUIN.

" Words, words! 'tis all deception,

" I tell you, man, his Muse is past conception!§

* A violent Democrat, leader of the Drury-Lane band, and one of the Dictators of that Republic.

† Mr. Sheridan is one among the very few who have thought it wise, or had the power over themselves, to cast anchor in the current of Success. He seized the critical moment, and while yet his Pegasus was found wind and limb, withdrew him from the race.

—Ne

Pecceit ad extremum ridendus.

HOR.

§ He has long held out this hope to the public, and has even received a sum for an opera, in which he declares he is far advanced, called The Caravan. " There are two bad pay masters," says the Proverb, " he who pays before hand, &c."—Drury Lane seems to be both, for we do not believe he has written, or intends to write a line.

§ A late copy of verses, composed by Mr. S. on Capt. N. Ogle, who died in

M

“ The jade gets old, a very stumbler grown;

“ Whom if he trusts, he loses all he's won ;

“ Bed-ridden quite, a fact, believe me, Sir,

“ No bairns again he'll get—at least by her.

“ You've not a foul upon your books, I'm certain,

“ Whose works would pay for drawing up the curtain.

“ Think you that ST. JOHN, or that HOARE has wit?

“ Hast seen his *Mahmoud*,* read *St. Marguerite*?†

the West Indies, firmly persuades us, that not only he will not attempt to write any more plays, but that he is not *now* able, however much he might desire it.--- We never witnessed more scabrous lines, being exactly, including their insipidity, what Aristophanes calls, *prose on horseback*. To insinuate, however, that Mr. Sheridan is not still a man of wit, is far from our intention, for we think he will yet give us an instance of it, as would many other of our modern writers, by writing no more.

We have long regarded him as a victorious *Δρομεύς*,

-----who, crown'd with laurels, bravely won,

Sits smiling at the goal while others run.. YOUNG.

* *Mahmoud*, an opera recently produced by Mr. Hoare, shews the vanity of authors. Because Mr H. had been successful in two or three trifling farces, he aspired to the invention of an opera, in which he has plenarily exposed the weakness of his mind. Stick to your last!

† Mr. St. John wrote, besides this *opiatie* farce, a tragedy, which was nearly damned the first night, although the house was filled with his friends. Charles Fox was present on this occasion, and exerted his utmost to preserve it.

- “ Such sorry dregs would prove we go and pay
 “ To see some favourite actor, not the play.
 “ And CUMBERLAND with truth must e’en declare,
 “ He owes his best successes to the play’r.
 “ We can’t but go, howe’er the piece be barren,
 “ If JORDAN’s there, or *still* bewitching FARREN.*
 “ Or SUETT†, who by laughable grimace,
 “ Would fain oblivion give to PARSONS’s face.

* Miss Farren is an excellent actress. The fascination of her smile has been felt from peer to plebeian. But, alas! the time cannot be far distant

When all those dimples shall to wrinkles turn!

We should be happy if we could say as much in favour of Miss F’s generosity as of her acting. She takes care of her mother, it is true, but this we think an act of but negative merit. Her benevolence is of a very confined nature; so much so that we incline to believe that she is also a *little bit* of a Jesuit. There is an article in their code, which runs thus: “ Those Jesuits who shew a greater affection to their near relations than to the society, are to be discarded as enemies of the order—but some other pretence must be alledged for their expulsion.”—This Miss F. appears to have attended to with the greatest earnestness, having many poor relations and friends, who certainly do not enjoy a greater portion of her affection, than would become the strictest stickler for Jesuitism. There was a time when Miss F. was not nursed in the lap of ease and plenty, and should, like Dido, as she is not ignorant of the frowns of fortune, have learnt to succour those who pine beneath their influence.

“ Non ignara mali miseris, succurere disco.”

† Suett would attempt to make us forget the inimitable Parsons, by surpassing

.. Or BANNISTER* with stir and endless rout,

“ Whose fame will last---until he gets the gout!

“ Shall BRAHAM's notes mellifluent fill the void---

“ LEAKE sing and smile, and we not *be decoy'd*?

“ Such sounds exact the tribute of applause,

“ Think not, O HOARE, thy doggrel is the cause.†

“ 'Tis thus!, now quickly say---assist my song,

“ Which hence to Covent wings its way along---

his comic extravagance of features. This he can never do. To borrow a *grin* from the dead is however a venial fault. S. also copies, as well as he can, the departed Barret, in the part of Crazy, in Peeping Tom. Although greatly beholden to the *grave* for his *humour*, Mr. S. has, upon the whole, much merit. We only wish it was more original.

* It has ever appeared to us that Jack Bannister is more indebted to his legs than to his head for the applause he obtains. Mr. Hoare's Prize was refused by Kemble as *unplayable* trash, and was brought out by Signora Storace for her benefit, at the instigation of Mr. B. who, notwithstanding its absurdity, thought he could *kick it* into favour. Here he was successful, but making a similar effort in the *Three and the Deuce*, all his bustle only served to expedite its condemnation.

† The songs written by Hoare, O'Keefe, and Cobb, are passing-despicable. Yet we have no doubt that when either of these gentlemen hears them sung, and applauded, he attributes it all to his verses, if they may be so called, and never to the voice of the singer, or the taste of the composer.

"What's left unfung!"

WALDRON.

"CROUCH, KELLY, yet remain,

"Young KEMBLE, SIDDONS, MILLER, and a train

"Most numerous!"

PASQUIN.

"Ah! CROUCH! thy day is o'er,

"'Cold is that breast, which warm'd the world before,'*

"Thy †*Irish nightingale* now roves, I fear,

"And heedless quits '*his loaf, his only tear.*'"

* Mrs. Crouch, the once beautiful and admired Crouch, is now hastily losing all her attraction. It will not surprise any one much to be told that she is a *perfect stranger to this*; but it must make many smile to hear that she is at the present moment learning from Monsieur ——— to sing a note lower.

† The *cognomen* of *Irish nightingale*, has long been enjoyed by Mr. Kelly. As a singer he is just the reverse of Incledon. K's voice is neither capacious nor melodious; Incledon's is both: the first possesses much science, the latter is rude and uncultivated. As actors, I will not pretend to adjudge the palm! Mr. K. has, to be sure, a certain something in his voice highly captivating to female ears, and which is vilely termed a brogue. This is not now so evident as when he first made his appearance on the London boards. It has oft diverted us to listen to him, when singing these two lines, with his peculiar pronunciation.

"Sure thou wert born to please me,

"My love, my only dear."

N.

“ Fast SIDDONS wains! Young KEMBLE* needs not wait
 “ For time to filver o’er his gloomy pate,
 “ But with my free consent, and WATHEN,† beat retreat.
 “ MILLER has powers, is young, and will improve,
 “ And if she sings not, win upon our love.

He lately attempted an Irish character in Hooke’s childish opera, and here, like Macready in such personations, we never heard him speak *English with more propriety and clearness.*

Mr. K’s flame for his “only *tear*,” is certainly greatly abated, since he now wanders about in the capacity of a singing master, leaving “his *loaf*,” under the care of an unfortunate *half-starved Frenchman*.

* Young Kemble will never make a player. The character he plays the best is *Vapour*—he is here, to be sure, inimitable, in the effect he gives it—Who can see him without having the vapours? The pride of this family would be surprising, were it not so common to those who rise from a low origin. We remember, a few years since, meeting this young man with a stick over his shoulder, on which was a bundle, walking unabashed through the public streets. He is now, without merit to apologize for it, as proud as any of his relations, and

“ Forgets the little plough-boy, that whistled o’er the lee.”

Young Palmer also does not promise to make any great figure. His countenance is good; but, as the fox said of the vizor, “What a pity ’tis it has got no brains.”

† The Captain might do very well as a player among Lords, but the Lord deliver us from seeing him play amongst actors.

" Now Covent Garden come before my view !"

WALDRON.

" Then I depart---farewel !"

PASQUIN.

" Adieu, adieu !

" HARRIS appear, and bring thy ragamuffin crew.*

" No bring them not---too oft already they

" Have been the *heavy burthen* of our lay.

" LEWIS declines---when dressed, with eyes askew,

" He imitates no buck, except old Q.

" His time's gone by, he stuffs false calves in vain,

" For still the *ancient calf* is seen too plain.

* Mr. Harris has, undoubtedly, to do with a pack of *keen dogs*. If he neglected to pay them one week, he'd have the whole kennel to range in by himself the next. Having been bred a coach-maker, or some such elegant trade, he knows how necessary it is to be ready with the stuff on the Saturday night, and thus prevents all thoughts of desertion. His former occupation may also be fairly supposed to influence his mind in his selections for the theatre. His writers, actors, and the manner in which he gets up pieces, shew very plainly what a refined genius he possesses. He lives at Uxbridge, where he keeps a congenial soul of the feminine gender, with whom he sots unaccountably.

" *Holman has voice ; I grant 'tis strong and good---

" But why for ever think he's in a wood?

" Then crying WALLIS† ne'er with POPE shall vie,

" Whate'er her friends avouch, or papers lie---

" Which you may think your interest to buy.

* The continual rant and roar of Mr. Holman proceeds from his want of judgment. The impression he made at his first appearance gradually wears away. He becomes corpulent, his shoulders are high and ungraceful, yet he, like every other stage-struck hero, thinks himself a Garrick. Alas! we promise fair to see no more Garricks.

" Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa."

ARIOSTO.

Many are very prompt to fancy that actors, from what they see of them on the stage, must necessarily be the most amusing companions in private; but they are greatly mistaken. "The learning *pages by heart*," says Locke, in his *Thoughts on Education*, "no more fits the memory for retention of *any thing else*, than the graving of one sentence *in lead*, makes it the more capable of retaining firmly any other characters. If such a sort of exercise of the memory were able to give it strength, and improve our parts, *players*, of all other people, must needs have the best memories, and be best company. But whether *the scraps they have got in their heads* this way, make them remember other things the better, and whether their parts be improved proportionably to the pains they have taken in getting by heart others sayings, *experience will shew*." This we do not notice as applying more to Mr. H. than to the whole body-dramatic; and to correct, at the same time, the ungrounded notion some people entertain of them.

† Miss Wallis's form and face possess much prettyness, but she always seems

- “ Too deep she play’d---you, sapient, made a catch,
 “ (For greatest rogues will sometimes meet their match)
 “ Engag’d her fast---paid dearly for your treasure,
 “ And now repent your folly at your leisure.
 “ Good MATTOCKS, ‘*she’s done up,*’ she is; ’tis fact,
 “ And will *be dish’d* if she persist to act.
 “ And MARTYR too, in faith does not grow younger,
 “ And QUICK, ah! well a day, can’t squeak much longer..
 “ The rest!--in pity PASQUIN names them not---
 “ Sure HARRIS you must thank him they’re forgot! *
 “ Tis said you pay---’tis truth, per force, ’tis truth,
 “ For all your vagrants live from hand to mouth. †

to weep or to have been weeping—her voice is monotonous, and incapable of giving any great effect to the speeches she has to deliver in the several characters from Shakspeare, which she has attempted. Harris, *he* is sorry to say, has her for three years certain, at sixteen pounds a week.

* As a tragedian, Mr. Harley often pleased, and never disgusted us. But Mr. Harris, unwilling that any actor should be better than another, or wiser than the manager himself, has dismissed him. Surely no house in all its departments could ever vaunt of more consistency than Covent Garden!

† Mr. Powell of Covent Garden theatre is an exception from this general rule; for he, so far from labouring under any such emergency, often asks his needy

" In actors Drury highly bears the belle---

" In authors which---I leave for heav'n to tell!*

" Should honest REYNOLDST† once his force withdraw,

" You've scarce a writer left, that's worth a straw.

brethren to dinner. The singular manner in which he treats his visitors may create a smile. Mr. P. never gives even a beef steak or a mutton chop to them, which is not dressed by a man cook. This *character he performs himself* to admiration; standing over the fire in the room where they dine, frying and broiling away, until his friends *are all quite perfect in their parts*, and can eat no more. He then takes the poker, which he had prepared, red hot from the fire, and addresses his company in these few, but very expressive words, " Don't you think you'd better go?" To which they, knowing his humour, always reply, " Yes, certainly, Mr. Powell, *if you think so*," and exeunt. If they do not, he immediately proceeds to action, and drives them out per force, for he will not permit them to sit a moment after they have done eating. He takes his motto from Horace.

" ———Edisti fatis atque bibisti :

" Tempus abire tibi."

* Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites! VIRG.

Old Macklin being asked his opinion of the stage in its present state, replied in these lines, which, considering his years, are very neat, and smack strongly of the sarcastic humour of the veteran in his juvenile days.

" Thus stands the stage—new Drury cannot pay,

" And Covent's actors if they're paid must say

" They don't deserve it, for they cannot play."

† The many amiable qualities of Mr. Reynolds hold him in great esteem with

“ O’KEEFE,* poor fellow! sometimes may succeed---

“ May make us smile---but *ne’er can make us read!*

“ His plays are fields with poppies rich abounding,

“ Where every thing but common-sense is found-in:

“ To ROBINSON’s† fine hi, te, ti, te, ti!

“ This observation also may apply.

all who know him. As a writer he is infinitely the best of those who mean to contribute to the amusement of Covent Garden theatre. He has already overcome the *literary indisposition*, which always attends him upon the winding up of his plays, and placed his annual tribute in the hands of Mr. Harris; from whose *mauling paws*, whenever it issues, we are sure it will be *a further addition to the few respectable productions of the modern stage*.

* The works of Mr. O’Keefe are in general so exceedingly outré, so extravagantly whimsical, that one cannot well see them without a smile. To read them is a thing utterly impracticable. We think, from the Magic Banner, that we have not much more to expect from him. It was impossible for us to see that play without exclaiming, “ Alas! poor O’Keefe! where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the *galleries* in a roar? Not one now!”

† Lord Shaftsbury says, the *sensus communis*, is a sense very seldom found among the great. We believe it; and therefore Mrs. Robinson’s poems are seen in the windows of many people of fashion. We like something more than words in poetic compositions: no one will find any thing else in Mrs. R’s. *Versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ*. The works of women who inhabit the regions of fashion, from their price, may be well compared to silver, in the purchase of which, the *fashion* is always rated at ten times, at least, the intrinsic value of the thing itself.

- " With lofty tip-top inane phrases beaming,
 " And metaphors and figures wond'rous, teeming,
 " On vellum printed, and *but* charg'd a guinea,
 " Vancenza's in the hand of---ev'ry ninny!
 " 'Anxious they read! and read!! it is so clever!!
 " Then rise, and find themselves---as wise as ever.
 " Prize REYNOLDS' humour, for it suits the town,
 " 'Tis good, original, and all his own.
 " No pilf'rer he---whate'er he says he writ,
 " He writ! he never borrows other's wit:
 " Would scorn an act that's mean, and blush'd to see
 " His empty friend tax'd home with roguery.
 " Alas! poor MORTON! of Zorinskian fame,
 " How have you toil'd, and well deserv'd---your shame.
 " None's safe with you, for lately, wanting prey,
 " You took e'en REYNOLDS' characters away.
 " And now, could he retaliation chuse,
 " You know full well you *have not one* to lose.
 " Thus indiscriminate, '*alive or dead,*
 " You steal from all, and '*grind and make your bread.*'

"But hark ye there, who labour with the spleen---

"Hast seen Tom's picture in the magazine?

"Dost think he did not pay to have it in?

"His life too---hold your laughter if you can---

"*'Ohe jam satis est'* of such a man.*

* It is very generally known that there is nothing more common to editors of magazines than to receive five or ten guineas, according to their circulation, for permitting the head of any would-be author, or egregious coxcomb, to appear in the work, with some hyperbolical account of his wonderful good qualities, miraculous genius, and consequently unheard-of persecution. In this case there can be no doubt of the fact. Mr. Morton, to gratify a contemptible vanity, and to attempt to refute charges he never could even meet his friends upon without confusion, has availed himself of a trumpery publication, now offering itself to any one at a very trifling rate, in which he has given an engraving of his *sweet face*; procuring some one of the scribes, the best of whom would rejoice to do it for half a guinea, to write, as a biographical sketch, whatever Mr. M. could invent in his own favour to accompany it. We however being acquainted with this gentleman's literary as well as private character, shall in a few lines give the former to our readers, lest by any accident the Monthly Mirror should fall into their hands, of which there is no great fear, and lead them into a false conclusion on the justice of his claims to the approbation of the world.

The insipid writer of this biographical sketch, as it is called, of *Squire Morton*, commences by stating, that "the object of that department is to communicate facts; we shall content ourselves with telling the truth, a pleasure his venality obliged him to overlook.

Mr. Morton, nephew to Maddison the lottery office keeper, near Charing-Cross, was educated at a school in Soho; where he is remembered more for having

idled away his time with Holman, in spouting plays, than for indulging a laudable emulation to excel his school-fellows. They soon left this seminary together, and were intended by their friends to follow *respectable* professions, but *destiny* whose *decrees* is irreverfible, had doomed Morton to *make* plays, and Holman to act them.

As a writer Mr. M. has not been without his share of abuse; perhaps he has *not* had more than his share. His first production was Columbus, which though bad in the extreme, was claimed and clearly proved, by Mr. Thelwall, to have been written by him, and by clandestine means nearly copied by Mr. M. It is alledged, by way of apology for the latter, that no two writers can take a plot from Marmontel without introducing the same characters, incidents and sentiments, and making their pieces undistinguishably identick. We cannot for a moment allow the truth of a position so puerile and ridiculous. And we fear such a marvellous coincidence of mental operation, will meet with but little credit, where Mr. M. is a party concerned. He next came forward with the Children in the Wood, which he did not think proper to acknowledge, we may reasonably suppose, until he was pretty well assured that his mutilations, from no claimants appearing, had baffled all discovery.

“ Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.”

He then produced Zorinski, to make up which he had metamorphosed and mangled Brooke's Gustavus Vasa, one of the finest written plays in our language. This plagiary might have long remained a secret, but for the ingenious research of an anonymous writer, under the signature of Truth, who was evidently actuated by no other motive than to expose impudent audacity and shameless imposture. These strictures first made their appearance in a morning paper, and were afterwards collected together, and published in a pamphlet. The language is nervous and energetic; the writer boldly advances what he firmly establishes.— He does not, as is usual with men actuated by base motives, assert without proof, or accuse without testimony, but with the utmost candour and plainness, brings forward whole speeches from Gustavus, copied literally by Morton in his Zorinski.

The different thefts thus proved, we do not see what it can avail in his favour that we should be told that Brooke's play is as notorious, and as well known as any of Shakspeare's, and that a man would be as safe from detection in taking from the one as the other. For granting this to be the truth in the present instance, it only goes to shew Mr. M. to be a more audacious plunderer than he would otherwise appear.

Attacked in this formidable manner, he knew not how to act; he dared not deny the charge, and his fear pronounced him guilty.

“*Ἦν γὰρ δὲ, ἦν καὶ αἰδώς.*” Luc.

The manager, nevertheless, profited greatly by this champion of Truth; and to him may certainly be ascribed the immense influx of cash into the treasury, and not to the merits of Zorinski, for Mr. M. had made such wretched use of the foreign aid he had borrowed, and intermixed with it so much of his *own* wit, as to render it *miserabile visu*! An attempt was made to give it a run at Covent Garden, but having to depend on its own merit, for full benches, and no longer on the voice of accusation—it was played one night, to an empty house.

He is said in his life, “to possess that happy art of selecting from the stores of half-forgotten ballads, &c. &c.” *we think this was a confession perfectly unnecessary.*

Carmina Morton emit: recitat sua carmina Morton:

Nam quod emis, possis dicere jure tuum.

MART.

We are then informed that, with all these blushing honours on his head, he had the nerves “To go his three nights to the treasury—whistle an opera tune—put the receipts in his pockets—and to think about *manufacturing* another play.” Thus is Mr. M. depicted, like the evil angel in Addison's Campaign,

“Smiling in the tumult and enjoying the storm;”
that is, hugging himself in the success of his own craft, laughing at the public infatuation, and pocketing up their pence?”

“ Not so with ANDREWS,* humble plodding cit—

“ As genuine in his women as in his wit.

His last effort, brought out at Covent Garden last season, is a lame imitation of Reynolds's originality. Every character, and the greater part of the incidents, are taken from Mr. R's Notoriety, Dramatist, Rage, &c. &c. *O imitatores servum pecus!* The resemblance also is so great to Speculation, that many people are of opinion, that Mr. R. finding he had much more to say for each of his characters than he could introduce, gave it to his friend Morton, and helped him to work it up into the Way to get Married; and Frederick for the present good-naturedly lets him enjoy the credit of it.

If it be fair to judge of the future by the past, we may form a tolerable idea of what we have to expect from Mr. Morton. The greatest misfortune for him is, that genius is not an acquisition, and as he is now returned from the Isle of Wight, where he has been making *his selections in his usual style* for another play, we would advise him, for the sake of the remnant of his reputation as an author, to adopt the honesty of Terence, and to insert something equivalent to the two subsequent verses in the prologue to all his future *compositions*.

Quæ convenere, in Adriam ex Perinthia
Fatetur transtulisse, atque usum pro suis.

* M. P. Andrews, M. P. the redoubted member for Bewdley, is a very singular man, both in his writings and his amours. His pieces are purely original. His *grey nymph*, whose flowing ringlets entwine his little-doating heart, in rapturous *blind* delight, is an unique. Her style of playing in private, tickled the member's fancy so much, that he recommended her to the manager of Covent Garden to perform Miss Wallis's *comic* character in the Mysteries of the Castle. This was not agreed to by Harris. She is, however, we understand engaged by

" He takes from none---no keen-eyed book-worm fears,

" As in his *Myſt'ries* clearly it appears.

" Who can, who dares of plagiary indite it---

" I swear that he, and only he could write it!

" O! ANDREWS! rest assur'd, the fates design

" No one shall *envy* any *piece* of thine.

" HOLCROFT, quite sapless grown, can write no more---

" His body's feeble, and his mind is poor.*

Colman to fit as My Grandmother, instead of the picture in the farce of that title. As the trick is too palpable in the transition from the canvas to Miss Leake, we think the effect will be heightened. The *divine object* of our contemplation is admirably described in these four lines.

" Quel âge a *cette Iris*, dont on fait tant de bruit ?

" Me demandoit Cliton n'aguerre.

" Il faut, dis je, vous satisfaire,

" Elle a *vingt ans le jour, et soixante ans la nuit.*"

How *mature*, how *ripe*, and perfect, must be the joys arising from an intercourse of souls, with one whom *time* has rendered *dexterously* skilful in all the ideal or theoretical, and practical blandishments of love! O happy, thrice happy, Peter!

* Mr. Holcroft's great tenet for a long time was, that the mind is so completely independent on the material part of man, that it cannot be effected by any disease incident to the human frame.

" Nor rolling seas, nor an impetuous wind,

" Can upset the ballast of the mind." WALKER'S EPICTETUS.

" Had TOPHAM genius, and the fame it gives,
 " (The *world* well knows no greater blockhead lives)
 " I could not praise him, for my soul abhors
 " The man who breaks through Nature's sweetest laws---
 " Whose heart so callous to each tender tie,
 " So deaf to gratitude---to pity's sigh---
 " Can see that form he vilely has betray'd,
 " Now pine in want, and never lend his aid.
 " Alas! much injur'd, beauteous, gen'rous WELLS,
 " How oft on thee my thought with sorrow dwells.
 " Accept a tear---'tis all I can bestow---
 " That, and to hate the author of thy woe.*

Mr. H. however, has survived his opinion, and is himself a proof of its fallaciousness. His mind is much debilitated by the various shocks his body has sustained, and he can now serve for little else, but to stand in the cross road of Faction, and point out to his fellow-citizens—THE ROAD TO RUIN.

* The ingratitude of Mr. Topham to poor Wells, must receive the marked detestation of every honest man. After living upon her salary, and exhausting her finances, even to the last farthing, he deserted her to want and misery in the King's Bench—a living instance of female affection betrayed and insulted. By him the town is deprived of the excellent powers of Mrs. Wells on the stage, than whom a more engaging actress never graced its boards; and she, whose generous hand, when

"Enough, enough! My Thespian song is done---

"The herd dismiss'd!--and is there living one,

"Who thinks I do not all their worth allow them---

"Believe me, 'tis---because he does *not know them*."

competent, was to the *indigent world*, in its bounty, as universal as the sun, who never rose but to pity and relieve, is now so much reduced as to need others charity and commiseration.

¶ We cannot refrain from making two or three observations on the preceding satire, whereby we would prove that our author is entitled to every estimation as a satirist. "*Dictio satiræ*," says Vossius, "*laudatur non tam poetica, quam pedestris, ac sermoni similis, peneque extemporalis*." That he has observed this rule, as well as that of *abrupta omnia*, with some few exceptions, we think *no one* will scruple to acknowledge. They will, therefore, inevitably allow him great praise; since an adherence to these precepts is well known to be perfectly in the style of Horace. And to those who, overflowing with tenderness, may affirm "that satire ought rather to touch on those vices of men which it might ridicule, than those which it should reprove seriously;" and thence, on account of some harsh passage, take occasion of condemning our poet, we reply in the words of Trapp, in his *Prælectiones poeticæ*, to a like objection:—*Quod si verum est, inter vates satiricos Juvenatis vix erit numerandus. Quanquam enim interdum ridet, plerumque serio agit; rarius joci plerumque flagello, utitur.* And we shall even be contented if such a difference of opinion should induce a few to rank *him no higher* than Juvenal.

Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and various other poets, have assured themselves, in their writings, of immortality; whether with *more title than our bard*, some people will not think *very doubtful*; but judging from what has been advanced, and from Fontenelle's maxim, that "those who would write for immortality, should write about fools," his brows appear to us already encircled with the envied wreath:—

And surely he might, were the late Lord Barrymore living, with truth ejaculate:

" Non ego pauperum
 " Sanguis parentum, non ego, (quem vocant)
 " Dilecte Mæcenæ, obibo,
 " Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.

FINIS.



